

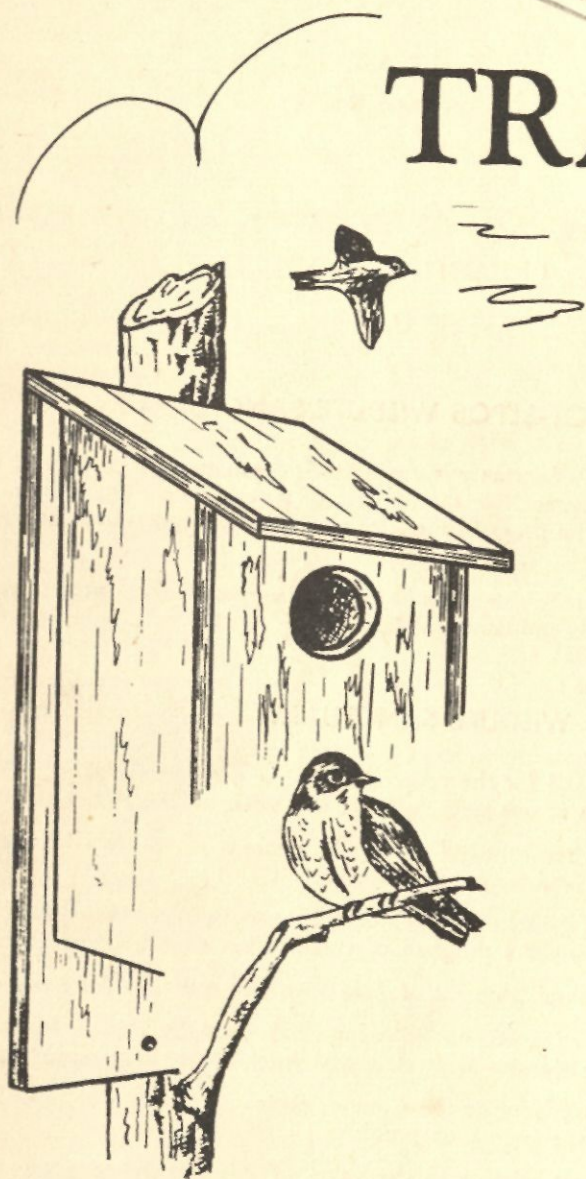
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PEQUOT

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Published Quarterly by the Pequot-sepos Wildlife Sanctuary, Incorporated
MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT

The Pequot-sepos Wildlife Sanctuary

INCORPORATED
MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT

CURATOR
WILLIAM WYLIE

A CONSERVATION PROGRAM OF EDUCATION AND RECREATION FOR
CHILDREN AND ADULTS

WHAT IS THE PEQUOT-SEPOS WILDLIFE SANCTUARY?

The Pequot-sepos Wildlife Sanctuary is a non-profit organization incorporated under the laws of the state of Connecticut for the purpose of promoting a community program of conservation education. The program includes work for the preservation and restoration of our natural resources.

It is a unique community enterprise in that it is supported entirely by interested citizens through memberships and contributions.

THE PEQUOT-SEPOS WILDLIFE SANCTUARY:

Maintains 125 acres of land for the purpose of teaching others the ways and values of protection and restoration of our birds, wildlife and other natural resources.

Maintains a trailside museum and a series of nature trails which tell the story of nature in a most instructive and fascinating manner.

In co-operation with the schools, girl scouts, boy scouts, community centers and other youth organizations, promotes a program of conservation education for children.

Conducts a year around program of field trips and activities for members.

Operates a bird-banding station in conjunction with the United States Fish and Wildlife Service and co-operates with state and local conservation agencies.

Through personal guidance of the Curator, serves as a source of information and help on local and national conservation problems.

Furnishes information relative to the value of conservation to many individuals and organizations through correspondence, the press, and lectures.

Pursues a long range development program that insures a permanent and increasingly beneficial service to all local communities.

PEQUOT TRAILS

Vol. XIV

Spring 1962

No. 1

Spring Field Trips to Begin On Saturday, Apr. 7, 7 a.m.

The spring and fall series of Saturday field trips have become as popular, if not more so, than the weekly Sunday walks here at the Sanctuary. The Saturday trips are held during the four main bird migration months each year and are scheduled to areas of greatest activity as the season progresses. While the trips are basically designed as bird trips, we do spend quite a bit of time working on the botany of the area, or seashore life, or whatever else seems to be of current interest.

Following is a detailed description of each of the Saturday trips to come this spring. This will be your only official notice of the trips so please post this schedule in some handy spot. In addition, your Curator will endeavor to announce each trip on Thursday in the New London Day and the Westerly Sun. These notices will be under the Mystic section.

April 7, 7:00 a.m.—Barn Island

April 14, 7:00 a.m.—Napatree Point

April 21, 7:00 a.m.—Harkness Memorial Park, Waterford

April 28, 7:00 a.m.—Bluff Point

May 5, 7:00 a.m.—Napatree Point

May 12, 7:00 a.m.—Home of Frank Eastman, Ledyard

May 19, 7:00 a.m. — Lake-of-Isles Scout Reservation off Route 2

May 26, 7:00 a.m. — Pachaug State Forest, Voluntown

April 7, Barn Island, 7:00 a.m.

Again we will start the spring series of field trips at Barn Island. This is a favorite birding spot of many old time birders in this area. Waterfowl will be the main object of the trip, but in the past, land birding has also been quite rewarding. With a little luck, we may also find a short-eared owl or two.

Local people can meet at the Sanctuary parking lot at 6:45 a.m. or on the Barn Island road at 7:00 a.m. Turn off U.S. No. 1 onto the Greenhaven Road and take the immediate right to Barn Island. The official starting point will be the R.R. crossing on this road.

April 14, Napatree Point, 7:00 a.m.

The trips to Napatree Point, while they involve the most walking, have been the most popular trips over the years. Birding is apparently good on the Point twelve months out of the year. These early trips the last two years have produced brant, willits, plovers, and many of the more common species of shore birds and waterfowl.

Leave the Sanctuary parking lot at 6:30 a.m. or meet at 7:00 a.m. at the parking lot of Watch Hill Yacht Club. Wear warm clothing as this is apt to be a very cold windy trip.

April 21, Harkness Memorial Park, Waterford, 7:00 a.m.

If a bird couldn't be found, the Harkness trip would still be considered a big success. The park itself, the buildings, the formal gardens, the sandy beach and the great expanse or open area, is reward enough for this trip. However, birds are found and in great numbers. We are going to Harkness several weeks earlier this year in hopes of finding greater numbers of waterfowl as well as shore birds. To get to the park, follow the park signs off the new Turnpike, or from New London to Great Neck Road, Waterford. Your Curator will leave the Sanctuary at 6:30 a.m.

PEQUOT TRAILS

Published quarterly, Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter, by the Pequot-sepos Wildlife Sanctuary, Inc., Mystic, Conn.

A Statement of Purpose:

We want this publication to be of the utmost service to you—to keep you informed concerning activities at the Sanctuary and in your community; to invite your participation in these activities; and to provide you with general articles of education and inspiration regarding conservation subjects. Won't you drop us a line and tell us what you would like to see published? We would appreciate it.

William Wylie, Curator

Tel. Mystic JE fferson 6-9777

April 28, Bluff Point, 7:00 a.m.

Thanks to Mr. Henry Gardiner, the Sanctuary is able to have several field trips each year to one of the last remote and wild sections of coastline along eastern Connecticut, Bluff Point. This trip will not be aimed at any particular type of bird life, but just birds in general. The terrain is diversified and birds run the gamut from waterfowl and shore birds, through sparrows and typical woodland birds such as warblers and vireos.

Leave the Sanctuary parking lot at 6:45 a.m. or meet at the Groton Town Hall, Poquonnock Bridge, at 7:00 a.m. Mr. Walter J. Moran will again be honorary leader for the trip.

May 5, Napatree Point, 7:00 a.m.

This trip to Napatree will be a repetition of the trip of April 14 and the meeting place and time will be the same. It will be interesting to see the change in the bird life in the intervening two weeks.

May 12, The Home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Eastman, Shewville Road, Ledyard, 7:00 a.m.

This will be a bird trip led by Mr. and Mrs. Eastman. In addition, you will have a chance to observe wildlife plantings designed to attract birds. Leave the Sanctuary parking lot at 6:30 a.m. or meet at the Eastmans at 7:00. To get there, take Iron Street

out of Ledyard Center. Go to the first stop sign, cross directly over this road and take the next road to your right. This will be Shewville Road and the Eastman home will be the first house on your right. Drive in the driveway where you will find ample parking space.

May 19, Lake-of-Isles Scout Reservation, 7:00 a.m.

As many of our "field trippers" will recognize, this is a new area opened up this year. I had occasion to spend part of several different days at this scout reservation last summer while the camp was in session. I was impressed with the wooded terrain, the lake with numerous small wooded islands, and the general diversity which the area offered. I thought at that time it should be a good spot for migrating warblers, thrushes, and other woodland birds. The reservation should also provide some interesting nesting species. If the area proves as productive as I think it should, other trips will be scheduled there.

Since this is a new area this year, and difficult to find, I suggest that we meet at the Sanctuary parking lot at 6:30 a.m. The Lake-of-Isles lies due north of Lantern Hill off Route 2, for those who are familiar with this area, and we will park near the Ranger's cabin as we enter the reservation at about 7:00 a.m.

May 26, Pachaug State Forest, Voluntown, 7:00 a.m.

This is the fourth year of our spring trip to Pachaug. The trips are getting better each year as we are discovering more interesting areas to study. The favorite spot to date is an old woods road which goes for a quarter of a mile through a wonderful spruce bog. Pitcher plants and sundews abound, as do many other species of bog and swamp plants. An area such as this also has its own special brand of bird life. If you can only make one trip this entire spring, make this it.

This trip will leave the Sanctuary lot at 6:15 a.m. We will also meet again in front of the post office in Voluntown at 7:00 a.m.

Sunday Morning Walks Resume on April 29

Spring migration is almost upon us and it will be only a matter of days now till the first arrivals appear. To take full advantage of the annual migration, the well established Sunday walks are being returned to their 7:00 a.m. starting time. The walks are reverting to mornings rather late this year, but they always revert to the 7:00 a.m. starting time on the Sunday after Easter. These Sunday nature walks are well into their fourth year of continuous operation and the attendance and response has been most gratifying to your Curator.

As has been mentioned in this column many times before, the early morning hours are the best hours to observe birds. The small birds, song birds, are actively feeding after a long night on the roost without food. Song accompanies this active feeding period. Wood ducks can often be observed on the Sanctuary ponds in the early mornings before they have been spooked into hiding by the normal day's activities. By the second week in April, many of our nesting birds will already have arrived. Warblers will be around to some degree, as will tree swallows, resident sparrows, possibly some vireos and others too numerous to mention. The hour is really not early. Join these walks, enjoy your Sanctuary, and at the same time become acquainted with many interesting species of birds.

Your Sanctuary now boasts a brand new Trailside Museum which is adequately heated. The winter afternoon walks originate here. At the end of the walk we again gather at the Museum before a big fire in the fireplace, for some refreshments and some good old-fashioned talk. The Sunday morning walks will also start from the new museum. This is your Sanctuary. These are your walks. There are still some Sundays left for you to come and enjoy these afternoon get-togethers. Join the Sunday morning walks and meet other members and friends who have a mutual interest in the out-of-doors.

Curator to Give Bird Identification Course During May

Starting on Tuesday, May 1, at 2:00 p.m., and running for four consecutive weeks, a course in Bird Identification and Appreciation will be conducted at the Trailside Museum. This course, or one similar to it, has been offered at the Sanctuary for the past several years and has met with considerable success and enthusiasm.

As background material, the course will start off with a brief evolutionary history of birds, bringing them up to modern times. The next two sessions will be devoted to identification of birds—the basic A-B-C's of bird watching. The last session will deal with bird behavior, economic value of birds, a bit on bird migration, and other facts of general interest pertaining to our wild fowl. Time will be provided at the end of each period for a brief field trip around the Sanctuary. The series is free, of course, to members. A nominal charge is made to non-members.

Evening Walks During May

Thursday evening "warbler walks" will again be conducted this year at the Sanctuary on the five Thursdays in May. These walks proved very popular last Spring, with many members and friends attending them. The walks will begin at 6:30 p.m. and will last for an hour or until it gets too dark for good observation. Many people can not, or will not attend the early morning walks on the week ends, so this will be an opportunity for them and all other interested people to observe birds in the cool of the evening. We don't walk very far, but the birding is usually excellent during the evening hours.

* * *

Mrs. Elmer E. Downie of New London has presented The Trading Post with a quantity of ingenious shoulder straps for binocular users. Made of dark green leather with a stitched-on facing of pure white sponge rubber, they hold your binoculars firmly on the shoulder or around the neck.

Christmas Bird Census

Rough Seas and Cold Weather

93 Species

Last year's count of 112 species was not duplicated this year, but about 2,000 more individuals were seen this year, Dec. 30, 1961, than last year when 14,336 birds were reported. Because of rough seas, the wind averaging 25 knots, and biting cold, below 20° all day, the Christmas Bird Census takers did not get adequate coverage of Long Island Sound from Rocky Neck to Mason's Island. The sun graced the skies most of the day, however, and many interesting species were reported: Western Grebe; Marsh Hawk; Turkey; Winter Wren; Vesper Sparrow; White Crowned Sparrow; and Longspurs. None of these were seen last year. During the tally at the end of the day's activity the questions were: Where were the Wood Ducks? — Canvasbacks? — Red Breasted Mergansers? — Carolina Wrens? — Kinglets? — Pine Siskins? Perhaps the reduction in Carolina Wrens is due to the severe winter of last year. At least it seemed, prior to last year's census, that you could hear their galloping song on every corner. For those who wish to check with their own list, here are the results.

Common Loon	10	Pheasant	17
Red Throated Loon	1	Wild Turkey	1
Horned Grebe	161	Coot	1
Pied-billed Grebe	7	Killdeer	2
Western Grebe	1	Ruddy Turnstone	1
Great Cormorant	51	Purple Sandpiper	22
Great Blue Heron	6	Great Black-backed Gull	95
B. C. Night Heron	1	Herring Gull	4857
Mute Swan	62	Ring-billed Gull	148
Canada Goose	250	Bonaparte's Gull	6
Brant Goose	8	Mourning Dove	79
Mallard	499	Barred Owl	3
Black Duck	1446	Long Eared Owl	1
Baldpate	108	Short Eared Owl	7
European Widgeon	1	Kingfisher	5
Pintail	4	Flicker	8
Greater Scaup	413	Hairy Woodpecker	18
Lesser Scaup	281	Downey Woodpecker	55
Golden Eye	268	Horned Lark	48
Bufflehead	524	Blue Jay	117
Old Squaw	3	Crow	285
White Winged Scoter	5	Fish Crow	5
Surf Scoter	1	Chickadee	309
Common Scoter	5	Titmouse	16
Hooded Merganser	180	White B. Nuthatch	32
American Merganser	46	Red B. Nuthatch	8
Red Breasted Merganser	457	Brown Creeper	4
Red Tailed Hawk	1	Winter Wren	3
Red Shouldered Hawk	1	Carolina Wren	2
Rough Legged Hawk	2	Mocking Bird	1
Marsh Hawk	2	Brown Thrasher	1
Sparrow Hawk	6	Robin	17
Bob White Quail	17	Blue Bird	2

Cedar Waxwing	1
Starling	2341
Myrtle Warbler	31
House Sparrow	296
Meadow Lark	29
Redwing Blackbird	4
Grackle	355
Cowbird	915
Cardinal	27
Dickcissel	1
Evening Grosbeak	155
Purple Finch	37
Pine Grosbeak	33
Goldfinch	63
Towhee	21
Savannah Sparrow	2
Vesper Sparrow	2
Junco	364
Tree Sparrow	322
Field Sparrow	87
White Crowned Sparrow	2
White Throated Sparrow	109
Fox Sparrow	7
Swamp Sparrow	12
Song Sparrow	168
Lapland Longspur	2
Snow Bunting	16

93 Species 16,211

The following species were seen during the report period; Wednesday, December 20, 1961 through Monday, January 1, 1962.

Little Gull
Prairie Horned Lark
Wood Duck
Canvasback
Bittern
Pine Siskin
Catbird
Golden Crowned Kinglet

* * *

The Mystic Girl Scouts have asked and have been granted permission to use a space near the pond at Pequotsepos for a memorial planting to celebrate the Juliet Low Golden Anniversary of Girl Scouting in 1962. It is suggested by the Scouts that yellow flowering plants or shrubs be used to suggest the "golden" and any planting, of course, must conform to the natural flora of the area.

Preparations for Annual Meeting

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees held January 25, a Nominating Committee was elected, for the coming year's new class of Trustees, consisting of Mrs. Hugh Cole, Sheridan Colson, M. D. MacGregor, Agustas Peterle Jr., and MacDonald Steers. A committee of three was appointed by President Domer to study the by-laws and, if thought advisable, to suggest changes. The Committee: Mrs. Paul Moore, George Dike and Raphael Avelar. As the result of the same meeting, President Domer appointed Mrs. Malcolm MacGregor Chairman of a Committee on Exhibits, Mrs. MacGregor to select her own helpers. Trails, speaking for Officers and continuing Trustees, plus the entire membership of the Society, takes this opportunity to recognize the faithful interest and very tangible help of the Trustees of the Class of 1962: Mrs. Donald Cottrell for special gifts and for a constant interest and help in just about every phase of the Society's activities. Mr. Belton Copp for important legal work and constructive suggestions at meetings. He has also done much, as President of the Denison Society, in fostering our excellent relations with that group. Mr. Paul Waldron, a teacher, has lent helpful suggestions to the Educational side of our work and has been one of the active participants in the annual Christmas bird count. Mr. Hayward Gatch has been General Chairman for several years of the important Winter Dance and with his generalship has brought it to an enviable success as a real contribution to our general funds. Without much question these four Trustees will continue their contributions through the rest of the year of their tenure, and beyond their retirement at next Annual Meeting. As knowledgeable members with experience in administration, they will be with us, we hope, for years to come.

The President's Corner

It's a small world! It really is, and sooner or later your past rises up to confront you. This remark was made to Killy, but he wasn't talking; he merely bobbed his head and went on demolishing his ration of ninety-cent chopped steak, of which he is quite fond.

In case you do not know Killy, he is a Sparrow Hawk and is our special pet. He has a large cage at the Museum, at present indoors in front of a sunny window, where he counts the "customers" as they come down the curving walk. If he sees something of which he disapproves, an automobile, a strange dog, or even a large bird, he utters his familiar "Killy, killy, killy!" and flies up against the side of the cage. We do not need a watchman.

Killy was brought in to the Sanctuary when quite a youngster. For some reason or other, he had flown into a window and injured himself. Since there was some doubt, therefore, that he thenceforth would be able to make his way in the world, he was elected a member of the Sanctuary and has been a treasured friend and companion ever since. He is, of course, ready, able and willing to assist in the disposal of the small birds that occasionally commit suicide by dashing themselves against picture windows. So, now you know Killy.

Not long ago, a member was returning by train from a stay in New York. As so often happens, the member entered into conversation with a very personable young man whose destination was the same as that of the member. In the course of the conversation, the subject of the Sanctuary was brought up. Oh, yes, the young man was quite familiar with the Sanctuary; "As a matter of fact," he said, "not very long ago a little Sparrow Hawk dashed against our large window and injured itself. We called the Sanctuary and the Curator very kindly came and got the bird."

Privately, Killy agrees that it is a small world, such world, just at present, also being a rather comfortable one, with no responsibilities and plenty

of good food. He might possibly prefer to have his freedom, were he able to take advantage of it, but he really isn't doing too badly just as he is.

And he still isn't talking!

* * *

As this is being typed, the thermometer is hovering around twenty degrees and that is not exactly warm, even in Stonington. Even so, the bird-baths are going full blast, with queues of customers awaiting their turns. One bath has two starlings, the other four sparrows, all splashing mightily. Spray is flying and dousing those that wait.

Do not, for an instant, delude yourself into believing that when the bitter weather comes along you may discontinue putting out bath water! The birds enjoy a bath in winter as well as in summer.

When you discontinue using the big bath because freezing water may break it, you can still put out water for our winter visitors. There are obtainable at the better garden equipment dealers large rubber flower-pot saucers; the two I have are the ten-inch size but larger ones are available. These saucers do not break, even though the bath water may freeze solidly; they merely bulge as the ice expands and return to shape when the ice is removed. You may have to replace the water several times a day in freezing weather, or even when the fervent bathers splash it all out, but that is no great chore and, oh, how that fresh water is appreciated!

The future of your Sanctuary depends on you. For the future of America its dedication and service to Conservation becomes more important with each passing year; must continue after you are gone. Your present contribution can achieve a kind of immortality for it and you if you will remember us in your will. Make yours a more than passing interest.

Another Memory

It had been a hot, dry summer and the river was at its lowest ebb, leaving an expanse of mud, split with great cracks, along its margins, the mud serving as a register for all having business in or along the river. The old he-coon, the one that always eluded the hounds by swimming Little River, left his unmistakable tracks all over the point of Harrison's Island. The Boy knew the location of his den, up there under the roots of the old sycamore, but he wasn't telling about it and the grownups respected his reticence. Three Toes, the fox that had been raiding local hen-coops with seeming impunity—the law of averages caught up with him later on—his lopsided mark, also, was there in the mud where he had come down to water and, possibly, pick up an unwary quail or squirrel that had come there on the same errand. It was all clear to the Boy, that and much more; some people said he was half wild, himself.

The hen-turkey had brought her surviving brood of five down to water in the early light; the muskrat had left his mark, together with a pile of mussel shells. There were 'possum tracks, woodchuck tracks—and Boy tracks; the snapping turtle beds in the mud could now be reached by a boy wading.

But this particular day, fishing was in order. The Boy's father and his two cronies had come up from the City for a bit of fishing, so Old John Ault was able to rent two of his boats every day. These boats were moored at the landing but were now, due to the low water, at the bottom of a sharply sloping clay bank. The low water, also, had forced the bass to move from the riffles into the deeper holes below and this concentration of fish made them particularly susceptible to a properly drifted minnow, helgrammite, crawfish, or even a nice plump garden worm. The big live-box at the landing, therefore, already was well populated.

But one condition was different; last night it had rained. New water was running into the river and it was anticipated that this would be The Day. Reels had been overhauled and oiled the night before, lines had been tested, rod ferrules had been tried for tightness. This was It!

One thing, however, had escaped consideration. The night's rain had left the clay bank at the landing in the condition commonly known as "slick." It was, indeed, slick and whereas it could be negotiated without too much trouble when dry, today was a different matter!

A hearty breakfast had been eaten by lamplight and, shortly after the crack of dawn, the party moved on down to the landing. The rain had stopped, but a low fog was lying upon the river. You could see the upper parts of the trees over on the Island but the rest was covered by the dense bank of mist. A heron squawked and a mallard quacked out in the river.

All unsuspecting, Jim Johnson started down the slope to the boats as usual—started, that is. In the next instant, there was a yell, a thrashing of arms, a lot of "that kind of language" and Jim was sitting almost chest-deep in the river. The mallard left that vicinity promptly, in a great beating of wings. A long "sitzmark," leading down the clay bank to the water told the story of Jim's passage. So, amid various uncomplimentary remarks, he departed for the house to change his clothes.

The Boy's father tried next. Digging in his heels, he almost made it, but a small stone buried in the clay was stepped upon. The result was hilarious; a creel had to be retrieved from the water. It remained for the Boy and Old John to wade into the water below the landing, come up to the boats and then drift them down to the gravel bar. By this time, the two unfortunate ones had changed to dry clothes and the flotilla shoved off.

The sky was blue, the sun shone, the bass cooperated. Life was wonderful!

—W. D.

In the High Nineties

On November 19th more than fifty persons, young and old, enjoyed the usual Sunday afternoon bird walk. Reason for the unprecedented number was the unusually crisp and sunny day, and probably the fact that it was the first glimpse most of them would have of the new uplands area of 93 acres recently deeded to the society by Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Perry of Westerly. The high nineties is a term usually associated more with August than with November, but the high, uplands area of more than ninety acres had been publicized as "completely different" from the lower, wetter area adjacent to the Trillside Museum.

Starting from the Sanctuary at 2:00 p.m., a half-hour earlier than usual, a cavalcade of fourteen cars followed Curator Wylie the eight miles to the new area on Anguilla Road, Stonington.

Few birds were seen, but that is understandable with fifty-four persons crashing through the uncleared trails on a deep carpet of dried oak leaves, with only occasional soft patches of moss to deaden the sounds of invasion. President Domer and Mr. Perry, outdistanced once by the crowd, did observe a lone woodcock. But the real interest centered on the land itself. Cutting straight across from Anguilla Road, the group was led to the site of the old homestead where the cellar-hole, stone steps and walks and the old well were still clearly visible. They paused at the pond, most of which lies in the deeded area, then walked via the "pipe-line" back to Anguilla Road. All were delighted with the ground pine, butternut trees and other flora not found in such abundance at Pequot-sepos.



Pine grosbeak station

In a subsequent walk in the same area, a number of pine grosbeaks were observed. A bird feeder has been placed on the property. At 3:33 one afternoon six pine grosbeaks showed up, exactly as predicted in advance to the group by Curator Wylie—a time which he based on two previous experiences there of his own. He felt fairly safe in the prediction, knowing the regularity of the habits of most birds. On another occasion, President Domer and some friends, on a visit to the old burial ground of Prentice Brown, one-time owner, saw a lovely doe within fifty feet of them. There is evidence enough that the area will be rewarding, through the years, to all who will use it wisely.

A special, unscheduled walk, to Napatree Point on Sunday, November 26th, by fewer persons, was more rewarding in numbers of birds seen. Reported were Lapland longspurs, short-eared owls, snow buntings, pipits, Bonaparte gulls and canvas-backs.

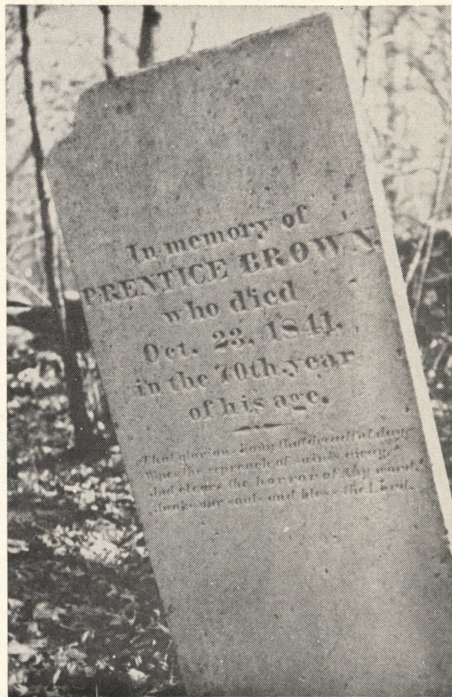
These are only a few instances of recent Sunday afternoon walks. There is a walk, of course, every Sunday afternoon, until April 29 when the hour changes to 7 a.m.; plus those Saturday morning hikes announced in the papers and in this issue of Trails. The walks are rewarding in more than a growing recognition of birds and plants. There is that indefinable satisfaction in fraternizing with a group at once heterogeneous and homogeneous, for a peaceful hour or so free from concrete, macadam and traffic lights, and afoot for a change.



The pond



A Trail



Gravestone

—Photos by W. D. Domer

Family Trees

It might be an interesting and educational experiment in your own yard, instead of merely marking your trees and shrubs and flowers with the usual common or latin names, to mark them also with little painted flags of the countries of their origins. It would add color and conversation to your garden; for, just as our own country is fast becoming a polyglot assortment of nationalities, and soon may be of races; so are our gardens and grounds a mixed-up mosaic of imports. A listing of their origins would take us on a jaunt around the world; and to the early voyagers, with discovery of lands rather than plants in mind, we owe most of the beauty and variety of our every-day lives.

When you drop a bit of lemon peel into your martini, or squeeze its juice into your whiskey sour, do you thank the Crusaders for it? You might, for it was they who brought it to Europe in the 12th century. When you drink your morning orange juice, who would think of Burma or Christopher Columbus, but Burma is its native land and it was Columbus who brought the first seeds to America and planted them in Haiti. Or what dark-skinned Carib, eating his bread-fruit, would think to credit an Englishman for it; but an English sea captain it was and his name was Bligh. The real purpose of Captain Bligh's voyage in the *Bounty* was to bring bread fruit trees from the Pacific Islands for planting in the British West Indies. His first attempt failed, because of the famous mutiny in 1789, but in 1791 he sowed European kitchen garden vegetables in Tasmania and successfully carried from the South Seas 600 bread fruit trees and landed them at Jamaica and St. Vincents. Captain James Cook, on his first voyage in 1768, planted melons and other plants at Tahiti which he had brought from Rio de Janeiro.

Sir Joseph Banks, the British horticulturist, was botanist on Capt. Cook's 1768 voyage and Botany Bay was so named for the abundance of plants he found there. As early as 1773 Banks introduced the plant we call bird of paradise to the Royal Gardens at Kew. He introduced the hydrangea to England in 1789 and the peony from China. A year earlier he introduced the fuchsia from Chile. Banks grew the American cranberry on an artificial island at his estate, Spring Grove, and actually harvested cranberries there in 1813. He filled his hothouses and conservatories with tropical fruits and exotic plants brought back from his travels. During the reign of George III nearly 7,000 new plants were brought into cultivation in England, largely through the efforts of Banks and his collectors.

Five hundred years ago only the grape, cranberry, currant, gooseberry and persimmon, of all the common fruits we use, had been seen in what is now the United States. The rest came only after toilsome journeys lasting tens of centuries. Many plants and trees, introduced first to Europe or Asia, came "second-hand" to America. The peach was one of these and was our first import. It came from Spain, before 1600, with the early Spanish explorers who had previously imported it from China. It had been cultivated in China for 4,000 years. The American Indians were great horticulturists and spread this fruit over our continent.

In your own garden your commonest plants, in their origins, would carry you around the world. Your peony and your poppy both came from China, as did your Oriental dogwood. The day lily is an Oriental plant and so is your broad leaf plantain lily. The cornflower and lily of the valley originated in Europe. Your rhubarb plants came from Central Asia. Dahlias and zinnias are Mexican in origin. The gladiolus came from Africa; the fuchsia from South America.

Every lover, or hater, of the tree that grew in Brooklyn, the tree known euphemistically as tree of heaven, otherwise as the ailanthus or "stink tree," was imported by our sailing ships from China, and a pity it was, for it grows like a weed and smells worse and is relished only by the silkworm. However, it may be cherished in a Brooklyn or Manhattan back-yard, for that ecology is often not suited to anything else.

A complete catalog of the origins of plants would require a compendious

work, for which we have neither the space nor the knowledge. But, to pursue the thing a little further, alphabetically, as pertains to a few of our fruits alone, here are some in that order:

Apples are Eurasian. They came to America with the early colonists, "second hand." Apricots were in Virginia in 1629, at the time of John Smith, but came originally from China. The avocado is a tropical American and goes back to the Aztecs and Incas.

Bananas came to our hemisphere from India. Most of them are now grown in the Caribbean area.

Cherries are another Eurasian. Cranberries and currants are true Americans, and did you know that currants and gooseberries harbor a fungus which kills white pine trees and are therefore prohibited in some areas?

Figs, since antiquity, have been a Mediterranean fruit.

The gooseberry is one of the few early Americans and while the grapefruit is now a common enough fruit to us, what we know is really a hybrid, from a big tough fruit called shaddock in the East Indies, which made the long voyage in the 1600's.

Lemons and limes were first planted in the New World by Columbus, but the Crusaders brought them to Europe in the twelfth century.

Mangoes are native to Southeast Asia and the Malay Archipelago. The Portuguese brought them to Brazil in 1700.

The golden juiced orange came from Burma. Columbus took the seeds to Haiti, the Spanish settlers took them to Florida in 1565, to California in 1769. Our olives came from Greece and often still do; although they may be had from California where they were introduced by the Spanish missionaries.

Of the P's, the persimmon is another original American; the papaya, like the avocado, was grown by the Aztecs and Incas; the pear was brought from Kashmir to Western Europe and thence to the United States. The peach was cultivated in China 4,000 years ago and brought here from Spain before 1600 by the Spanish; the pineapple started with an Andean ancestor, but Columbus found them in the West Indies, though they came there from halfway across the Pacific. Plums came from China by way of Japan. Other plums (greengage, damson, yellow egg plums) came from Asia to Europe to the U.S. Damson pits were found in the Swiss lake dwellings and Greek poets of 600 B.C. mentioned them, which leads us to assume they were native to Europe as well as to Asia.

The quince, like the pear, came from Kashmir to Western Europe and then to the U.S.

The transplanting of prized plants from one continent to another continues into modern times. The schooner **Francis Allyn**, of New London, Conn., planted at Desolation Island in the Indian Ocean in 1887 sage and huckleberries, and fir trees. Desolation was a hunting ground for elephant seal for New London ships. The journal of a young naturalist aboard the **U.S.S. Vandalia** in 1886 abounds in descriptions and drawings of the flora and fauna encountered by a young ensign. He seems to have been a privileged individual aboard ship, spending much of his time in the mizzen chains scooping up the minutiae of the sea in his net and examining it at great length under the microscope or magnifying glass.

So these dedicated men of science, some famous, some virtually unknown, helped to make life richer, our diet more varied, and our tables more bounteous by using the sailing ships to introduce unknown, exotic and useful plants to new environments. They were, in a sense, economic missionaries. And the sailing ships which aided them in their work were not only concerned with trade, but were floating laboratories for the good of mankind.

Education at Pequot-sepos

To greet the new teachers in the area, as they returned to classes after their Thanksgiving holiday, were letters of welcome to the area and invitations to visit the Sanctuary with school field trips and programs in mind. They were invited to confer with Curator Wylie on how the Sanctuary could serve them.

134 letters of welcome were sent to the new teachers in the communities of Mystic, Stonington, Pawcatuck, Groton, Poquonnock Bridge, New London, Ledyard and Gales Ferry.

On November 30th, chiefly through the efforts of William Korba, some thirty Groton teachers came to the Sanctuary in late afternoon and were given a "typical" school class treatment by Curator Wylie, intended to show what the Sanctuary has and how it can assist them in teaching. They saw the owls, the squirrel, the bird-feeders and the pond, then took a rewarding walk over the trails. Coffee and doughnuts were served at the conclusion.

These are the two initial efforts of a newly appointed Educational Committee, consisting of MacDonald Steers, Mrs. Richard Harrington and William Korba, an Assistant Principal and Groton school-teacher.

The Committee decided to reactivate the illustrated lecture series, but now to be arranged as a private Sanctuary affair at the Sanctuary. First of the series, in early February, was on the ecology of birds; and started with the fresh water pond and worked through various habitats to the mature New England woodland. Slides showed plant and animal relationships as the various habitats change. The series is made possible by the gift of a Revere 16 mm. motion picture projector and screen from the Bodenwein Foundation. The first of the series, however, had to be in the medium of slides rather than motion pictures.

The Committee's hope is to increase the visitation of school and Scout groups, to establish closer contacts with area teachers and personal contact where possible, to establish a working relationship with local Scout leaders particularly with a view to furthering merit badge work, and to extend the present adult educational program of nature walks by means of frequent lectures, some limited to membership and others open to the general public. It is hoped, of course, that lectures limited to members only may increase an awareness of the prerogatives of membership in the Society. Through it all, the aim is for quality rather than quantity.

That attendance at the Trailside Museum is increasing is obvious to those who are in a position to observe. Katherine Dench, daily attendant, has taken the trouble to keep a count of visitors and notes that during September 389 visited, during October 569, and in November 459. No count could be made in December because of the activity attendant upon preparations for the annual Tea and Sale when volunteer workers could scarcely be separated from bone fide visitors. However, January 1962 totaled 173 with one day's visitors uncounted. Mrs. Dench has also compiled the following count of educational groups:

September	25	New London Garden Club	23
October	5	Dunn's Corners Audubon Junior Club	12
	11	Stonington Garden Club	44
	14	Misquamicut Cub Scouts, Den 1	5
	19	Special Education Class, High St. School, Westerly	12
	21	Troop 25, Girl Scouts, Storrs, Conn.	14
	24	Troop 95, Girl Scouts, Eastern Point	25
	24	Den 7, Pack 12, Cub Scouts, Gales Ferry	7
	25	Den 2, Pack 37, Cub Scouts, Stonington	11
	25	Den 2, Pack 17, Cub Scouts, Mystic	25
November	1	Den 4, Pack 34, Cub Scouts, Mystic	7
	1	Den 1, Pack 34, Cub Scouts, Mystic	5

	4	Troop 17, Boy Scouts, Mystic	5
	9	Troop 21, Brownies, Mystic	8
	11	Thames Science Center, New London	21
	16	Troop 21, Brownies, Mystic	16
	30	Groton Teachers Meeting, Groton	30
December	2	Troop 13, Girl Scouts, Mystic	12
	2	Dunn's Corners Junior Audubon Club, Westerly	7
January	12	Troop 155, New London Girl Scouts	5
	13	Troop 48, Tri-Center Neighborhood, New London	8
	17	Troop 81, Brownies, Northeast School	23
	26	Troop 155, Girl Scouts, Bulkeley School, New London	5

LETTERS

Sunny Acres, Westerly, R. I.
December 3, 1961

Dear Bill,

I know in advance that a visit to the Pequot-sepos Sanctuary will provide some lesson in conservation for our Audubon Juniors but the point driven home most forcibly yesterday was entirely unexpected.

Some of the boys who had visited the Sanctuary on previous occasions were shocked to find the clear little brook that runs through the woods so polluted with silt the bottom was no longer visible. We decided to investigate the reason and found it to be the runoff from a new real estate development. The muddy water going into the brook was heavy and thick and was apparently being drained into the brook intentionally. The lesson was well driven home that what people do upstream will affect all those who live downstream.

And incidentally, one of our group happened to be the son of the contractor doing the surfacing. Let us hope the next generation will profit from the lessons learned in their youth!

Did you know that stones skipped across the frozen surface of the duck pond sounded like birds singing in Spring? I didn't, until yesterday. It was nearly as satisfying as catching frogs!

Thank you for running a Sanctuary where boys can be boys, and climb ledges, explore caves, hunt for salamanders and catch frogs in season.

Sincerely,

Eloise Saunders.

In late October, a red-headed woodpecker was observed on the Morgan property adjacent to the Sanctuary. Sanctuary attendant, Mrs. Katherine Dench, went back to her desk to look into Forbush's Birds of Massachusetts for the habits of the woodpecker and, strange was the coincidence, out fell an old letter, dated December 19, 1917, signed by the author, thanking the former owner of the book for the information that a red-headed woodpecker was observed in Boston in the winter-time.

A tufted titmouse, the first known to have been seen at the Sanctuary, was spotted on December 1st. Several dickcissels were observed in late October and November.

* * *

An illustrated article on the Sanctuary appeared in the magazine section of The Hartford Courant of Sunday, January 21. The story was by Ed Bacon, a staff writer, and was entitled "Two hundred acres of Birds and 600 Watchers."

Tea and Dance

The two annual fund raising events of the Sanctuary were again successful equal to, or beyond, anything in the past. Few realize the amount of effort on the part of our women volunteers, required to make the Christmas Tea and Sale the real contribution it is to our welfare. The backbone of the effort was a hard core of fifteen women who met twice weekly for several months in order to prepare for sale hundreds of distinctively attractive items both ornamental and useful. There were balsam wreaths from the Maine woods and Della Robbia wreaths made of imitation fruits and glittering balls of red, white, green and gold. There were kissing balls (mistletoe, naturally) and holiday centerpieces, decorated streamers for holding Christmas cards, and even a gay skirt for the Christmas tree. Ingeniously made of pie tins and juice cans were bird-feeders and, of similar materials, containers for fresh cut flowers which the lady of the house would carry into her own garden. Lapel pins, a smart-looking stocking cap, were items to be worn by the ladies; while the Christmas tree itself could use a dozen or more ornaments the like of which could not be found in any commercial shop. String holders, pot holders, pin cushions, sewing kits—the list is seemingly endless. More than \$1,600 was netted from the sale.

Heading up the whole tedious, and sometimes back-breaking effort of hand-made manufacture of all these items, was Mrs. Hugh L. M. Cole. Chairman of refreshments was Mrs. William L. Pryor; the luncheon table was in charge of Mrs. Cole and Mrs. Wilson Domer; and pourers were Mrs. Robert P. Anderson, Mrs. John B. Findlay, Mrs. Domer, Mrs. Richard P. Grover, and Mrs. E. F. Darrell. But without those faithful workers behind the scene, both working at home and at the twice-a-week workshop meetings at the Sanctuary, there could have been no sale, and no profit. The workers were:

Mrs. Thomas Bradford
Miss Margaret Bradley
Mrs. John Bindloss
Mrs. Edward Breed
Mrs. W. E. Burrows
Mrs. King Clark
Mrs. Hugh Cole
Mrs. Donald Cottrell
Mrs. John Dodge
Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Domer
Mrs. Arthur Gustafson
Mrs. Richard Harrington
Miss Virginia Haines
Mrs. Harrison Jewett

Mrs. Ethel Kremer
Mrs. John Leonard
Mrs. O. E. Liebig
Mr. and Mrs. M. D. MacGregor
Mrs. C. V. Moore
Mrs. Paul Moore
Mrs. William Pryor
Mrs. R. J. Ramsbotham
Mrs. Doris Thorne
Mrs. John R. Wheeler
Mrs. William B. White
Mrs. George Wrenn
Mrs. Randolph Wibberley

The annual Winter Dance could not this year be held on New Year's Eve, since that date fell on a Sunday. But the \$1,700 realized from this other annual fund-raising event, is eloquent proof that it is the dance and not the date that matters. It has come to be one of the most sought after events of the holiday season and its success is usually assured long before the sale of tickets starts. One might say there are two reasons for this: General Chairman Hayward Gatch and a pre-dance list of 127 patrons and patronesses. Assisting Mr. Gatch, this year, for the first time was Mr. David Winans whose particular area of responsibility was the patrons list. Some 200 persons attended, out of the slightly more than 300 tickets sold. It must be remembered that a goodly number of the patrons make their contributions and buy their tickets, and are off on winter vacations before the date of the dance.

If Gatch and his associates are largely responsible for the financial soundness of the affair, the decorations make it the eye-appealing festivity that causes the demand for tickets always greater than the supply. John LaPresle again created a setting both attractive and unique, with an under-water theme. His inspired murals and perfect color combinations and accompanying appointments put his setting on a par with the best that can be created in the big metropolitan areas.

But here again those behind the scenes contributed invaluable services. Mrs. William Pryor arranged the snack and hors d'oeuvre table, with Mrs. Agustas Peterle assisting. Mrs. Cole took the table reservations; Mr. Domer was responsible for the sale of tickets and Robert Jones made the arrangements for dance music. Others whose help is acknowledged were William Geer, our own Gus Peterle and Curator William Wylie; and appreciation is expressed to the Mystic Art Association again for its Gallery, Mystic Seaport for chairs and tables, and the Mystic Fire Police for parking.

Sum it up and it is an imposing effort. Some forty three volunteer workers, 127 patrons and approximately five hundred "customers" made the two events the success they were. To all of them Pequot-sepos expresses thanks.

BIRD OF THE MONTH

The Cardinal

Cardinalis cardinalis cardinalis (Linnaeus)



Non-migratory is the cardinal. But in the last fifty years some southern birds have been extending their range and the cardinal is one of these. Others: Carolina wren, tufted titmouse, hooded and Kentucky warblers, blue-gray gnat-catcher.

Description: About the size of a robin, bill very heavy, head conspicuously crested. The tail is long and slightly rounded. The cardinal's red robe is reddest across the sides of the head and under part; the upper parts more or less washed with grayish. The throat and a narrow space all around the base of the bill are black. The bill is reddish. The less conspicuous female has crest, wings and tail a dull red; upper parts

brownish; under parts buffy ochreous, lighter on the belly. The breast is slightly tinged with red; the space around the base of the bill is grayish black. Length, 8.25 inches; extent 11-12.

Distribution: The cardinal is normally found in the eastern United States from Iowa and southern New York to the Gulf. This colorful bird has learned, however, to be very secretive in habits.

The nest is composed of twigs, rootlets, weed stalks and strips of bark, usually placed in thick bushes. There are 3-4 eggs, pale bluish white, which take 12-13 days to hatch. The young remain in the nest 9-10 days. Two broods are raised each year.

Now that the cardinal has adopted us northerners, residents of localities where it has shown itself would do well to protect it thoroughly. Fruit trees and plants which retain their seeds should be planted in the thickets. The cardinal likes blackberries, dogwoods, wild grapes, mulberries, sumac, blueberries, elderberries, tulip tree, smilax, hackberries and Russian olives. If you have none of these, then try white bread, walnut meats and wild bird mix.

What Price Tranquility?

Those of our readers who live in Maine or Florida, Texas or Oregon, may not know that a part of their Sanctuary lies on an eminence overlooking the lovely and picturesque Mystic Valley and that near the mouth of the river is the Marine Research Laboratory of the University of Connecticut.

Dr. John Rankin is its Director and he should know what he is talking about when he says that some 125 species of bottom animals have been identified in the Mystic River. Most of the life in the river bottom is in the topmost inch. Even the clam sticks his neck through the bottom into the water, he says. Eggs and other life on a muddy bottom are easily killed by being covered with silt. This makes the relatively undisturbed upper basins of an estuary the most valuable parts for fish spawning and nursery grounds. Some 70 per cent of the fish caught in the ocean are caught in shallow water, near such estuaries. Measurements have shown that in April and May 50,000,000 flounder are hatched in the upper Mystic River. The eggs are laid in January and February and are attached to the river bottom. Adjacent marshes supply food for fish in both the rivers and the nearby ocean. Marshes and water grasses are also important in preventing the shorelines from being gradually washed into the sea. Dr. Rankin stated that the Mystic River is the best-studied estuary on the Atlantic coast with the exception of Chesapeake Bay.

To the thoughtful Mystic or Stonington resident, Dr. Rankin's words on the subject of fish are not just so many interesting bits of nature lore. They are vital facts of conservation directly concerned with the attempted establishment on the upper river of a commercial marina which is expected to change not only the natural beauty and outward aspects of the river, but its inherent character as a natural resource.

Sanctuary members are deeply concerned and through their Board of Trustees have publicly voiced their concern. Their concern is not only for fish, but for all forms of wild life in this natural refuge. But so far their arguments have not proved conclusive enough.

Progress to our Sanctuary members is not always industrial or commercial. The arguments, pro and con, have been aired and there is little use here in repeating them, though there are convincing ones, on both sides. But the intangibles are forgotten. Conservation is an almost abstract term, meaningless to many, and those who value it and the natural beauty and rapidly vanishing tranquility of an environment seem to be no longer of any moment in a world of change. If the word conservation is an abstraction to many, it is because they can understand but one kind of progress—that which one sees with the eyes, or perhaps hears with the ears. We remember that once (and it probably still is) it was a misdemeanor in Jacksonville, Florida for a driver to blow his automobile horn in downtown Jacksonville. That is progress, too. It is progress against the frenetic life of today. We are so inured to the background din of the big city, that it gives one a feeling of eeriness and unnaturalness when it is lacking. Progress sometimes lies in maintaining a status quo. Anything that tends to relieve our tensions is a move in that direction.

Anything that tends toward an orderly progress, with this area reserved for the necessary housing, that area for industrial development, others for roller coasters and Disneyland, and does not forget that there are areas which ought to be dedicated to thought or natural beauty, to quietude or peace; that is progress. But if America does not treasure and preserve something of the simplicity and the tranquility that was once a part of her life, she will have lost something of value.



REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

Frost Ferns

by Margaret Scheibeler

Here and There

Field talks by William Wylie in January included the Westfield Garden Club, Charity Chapter, Order of Eastern Star, Pawcatuck Parent Teacher Association of West Broad Street School and Grades 4, 5 and 6 of Eastern Point School where three hundred children heard our Curator in Assembly. At the New London High School he spoke in two appearances before four science classes. Other talks were made before the Cheshire Garden Club and Deborah Chapter, Eastern Star, at Pawcatuck. On January 12th and 26th he passed two groups of local Girl Scouts for their Reptile and Amphibian badges.

* * *

From *The Sea Breeze*, July 1912: "When I was a cabin boy," said an elderly sailor, "I often used to wonder, seeing birds thousands of miles out to sea, what they did for fresh water when they were thirsty. One day a squall answered that question for me. It was hot and glittering day in the tropics, and in the clear sky overhead a black rain-cloud appeared all of a sudden. Then out of an empty space over a hundred sea-birds came darting from every direction. They got under the rain-cloud, and waited there for about ten minutes, circling round and round, and when the rain began to fall they drank their fill. In the tropics, where the great sea-birds sail thousands of miles away from shore, they get their drinking water in that way. They smell out a storm a long way off; they travel a hundred miles maybe, to get under it, and they swallow enough rain-drops to keep them going.

* * *

Margaret Waring Buck is the donor of a new book in our Library. In *Ponds and Streams* is her own brain-child, a charming little book that should prove fascinating to our younger visitors and, most likely, to the older ones also.

Partially Nonsense

We read an article in the November Natural History magazine by E. Laurence Palmer on "The Lichen Partners," which aid soil growth. We learned that a lichen is actually two unlikens—algae and fungi—and that as soil-makers, they perform a most important function.

Water, penetrating the tiny crevices produced by lichen roots, freezes and wedges out rock particles, contributing to the manufacture of new soil and the renewal of old. In a more complicated way, they provide food for rodents which, by their body wastes, further enrich the soil and permit an even more luxurious growth.

We read the article thoughtfully and in the course of time, produced this little rhyme:

We profit by the lights
Of these two parasites.
This most unlikely pair
Cohabit everywhere.
They fraternize
In this wise:
Ubiquitous,
Iniquitous.
The fungus is a cad
If algae can be had;
And at times innocuous
Will engage the *Pleurococcus*.
At other times of lapsa
Consorts with *Xanthocapsa*,
Who, when the fungi's willin'
Produces penicillin.
The fungus is a drone;
Will starve if left alone.
So alga works the harder
To fill the lichen larder.
At length they both decay
In the natural-order way
And in the barren ground
A richer life is found.

And if the rhyme does not satisfy the better criteria of good poetry, it is more or less scientifically sound.—Ed.

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the

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YOU AND MEMBERSHIP IN THE PEQUOT-SEPOS WILDLIFE SANCTUARY

Members, now totaling over 600, reside in eighteen states and the District of Columbia.

Membership is open to everyone. The present membership includes both amateurs and professionals in natural history subjects and many who recognize the Sanctuary's educational influence in community life.

Four members are elected to the Board of Trustees annually to serve for terms of five years each. The Officers of the Sanctuary are elected annually by the Board of Trustees.

BECOME A MEMBER OR GIVE NOW! On the bottom of this page you will find a form for your membership application or contribution. All memberships include a subscription to our quarterly bulletin, *Pequot Trails*, and have the privilege of participation in all scheduled events.

TAKE AN ACTIVE PART! Opportunities will be offered for participation in field trips, Sanctuary visits, committee work and many other activities.

HERE IS AN OPPORTUNITY to affiliate now with an organization actively engaged in the promotion of a worthy community program of conservation education and recreation.

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

The Pequot-sepos Wildlife Sanctuary

Mystic, Connecticut

Date

Please enroll me as a member of the Pequot-sepos Wildlife Sanctuary for the year ending
, 19..... I enclose payment for the class of membership checked below.

() *Regular*: \$5.00 annually

() *Organization*: \$10.00 annually

() *Patron*: \$50.00 annually

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() *Life*: \$100.00

Corporation or Industrial Annual Contribution \$.....

Signed

M.....

[PLEASE SIGNIFY WHETHER MR., MRS., OR MISS]

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Please make checks payable to "P.S.W.S., Inc." and mail to The Pequot-sepos Wildlife
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